

Poetry Series

Volles Banda
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Volles Banda()

Cry My Beloved Country

With the very little energy left in their bodies
The old men drag their sticks
Yes, the sticks more exhausted than their bones
To the torturing heat they succumb
As they stand on the queue
Under the ever blazing scorching sun
Up at the sky they look
To clamour for a cloud that would augur relief
But never will it come into view of their tired eyes
Drums beat in their stomachs
For they have come afar piece
With nothing to chew on but their thoughts
All in search of the expensive grain
To fill their starving tummies

In their tired brains

Never do they recall the time
When there hadn't been a sense of void
Or premonitions of death
When dawn rose like a curtain
On a new a performance
For they have lost hope for life
As they lie on their sick beds
Yet on a queue for the scarce medicine
For which they have waited
For many a hundred ages

Many questions than answers rise in my mind

For neither are the rich left out in the queues
As they also queue for fuel, soft drinks and forex
Between my dry lips
Only one sentence I utter
' We are a sick nation'
Cry my beloved country

Volles Banda

Iron In The Soul

With no nurse or midwife
You took your first breath
On this suffering earth
And in the cold blowing wind
Heartlessly mama left you
All alone to die
For you had the deadly virus

Trying to heal the scars
Brightly the lucky stars
Shone on your broken soul
As all the new kinsmen you found
So heartedly cared for you

Now like blown by a volley of bullets
Our hearts are wounded
And are left so hollow
As the tears of sorrow
Keep on running down our cheeks
Like a river flooded valley
For you have forever closed
Your little and innocent eyes

But we know as you ascend
So high beyond the clouds
Wide open are the gates of heaven
Welcoming you to a new haven
Where forever you will live
In joy with the mighty King

Volles Banda

Just For You

Like a volcano
Warm emotions erupt from my heart
As my body cells feel the rhythm
Of the great beating of the drums
Which leaves no choice to my soul
But to get uplifted to greater heights
While my brain like a sponge
Keeps on absorbing the beautiful lyrics
Of the greatest composition of all time

That is why just for you
My eyes I raise so high
So high beyond the blue sky
And a silent prayer I say
Before the master of creation
All in appreciation
As your great composition
Of the anthem of this nation
Shows the vivid manifestation
Of your true dedication
To this beauty of a nation
As it is truly a prayer of benediction
Indeed God bless Malawi
R.I.P. Sauka

Volles Banda

On The Road

The harsh police brutality
To test putting the humanity
Bringing lots of tears
Throughout the years

Shrewd political decisions
Many a hundred divisions
Causing nothing but chaos
Badly our democracy fails

Thousand unstable unions
Millions questionable reunions
Feeding the common man with lies
Hence never ending cries

We carry all this load
As we move on the road
Towards the general elections
In dire need for divine intervention

Volles Banda